

# THE PRINCESS WHO BECOMES A DEITY



As Japan's Empress  
Would Appear in the  
Old Court Costume

In the case of the lovely young Princess Sadako. When, a dozen years ago, she was picked out to be the bride of the Crown Prince Yoshihito, she was only 15 years old, as pretty as a picture by one of the famous old artists of Japan, including cherry blossoms, daintily angled eyebrows and the complexion of a peach shaded by pomegranates. But she knew as well as anybody else in her native land that the girl who should be selected to be his bride was fated to be a world-famous empress and a goddess in the bargain. Also, she was afraid that she wouldn't have anything to say on the subject, one way or the other, that being the small measure of free will a young lady of her birth and breeding is allowed in old-fashioned Japan. And they say she was in love with him, and he with her, notwithstanding the risk of mutual disappointment which they ran.

So all she could do was keep on going to the peer's school and being a good pupil and loving her teachers, as all good pupils do. One day, while she was studying hard to pass up from the third grade of the high school, she was informed that her school days were about done, because his imperial majesty had been graciously pleased to content his august self in a daughter-in-law by choosing for his royal and glorious son a bride so humble and unworthy as she. At which pretty little Sadako rejoined that she was meekly grateful to have been singled out for so honorable and blessed a future and was ready for the nuptials, some preliminaries excepted. They included a fine banquet of honor to her beloved teachers, who could now boast everywhere that they had helped in the making of a goddess, although they discreetly and honorably refrained from intimating any hope or expectation of the early demise of the god who ruled them at the time.

The undelivered goddess entered upon her happiness as crown princess learned in Japanese and Chinese literature, universal history, French, mathematics, penmanship and drawing. After the emperor had signified his pleasure as to the match, she had to keep on with her history, French and geography, and was required to practice music, too. But all her studies were made as light as possible, lest anything should lessen the robustness of her health.

Her father, in spite of the antiquity of his family and the intersecting detail that the Fujiwaras always managed to keep their sons in the places of the greatest power and profit the old empire afforded, is not a rich man, as modern riches go. But he managed to scrape up 100,000 yen, about \$5000, for Sadako's trousseau and little incidental expenses as a royal bride; and the emperor added 300,000 yen more. So she had about a



One of the Japanese Imperial Residences—The Palace of Kyoto

physician laying out the eighteen dishes usually served and the princess correcting "to taste." They changed their attire to the Japanese garments at nightfall, and the princess used to play music for her husband on both Japanese and western instruments. And at 9 o'clock they retired.

This is the picture of a household that has all the simplicity of life that belongs to the old order of existence, almost extinct in the present, but ideal for the health and training of future rulers. It was a very human and happy life, with the little home pleasures and the boyish fun that a trio of happy, hearty children can afford.

At times the crown princess realized that it would mean to her to be a goddess when her friend and protector, the old emperor, should pass away. Wherever she stood beside the empress in public, she never saw her smile. Not that the empress couldn't smile. Although his imperial majesty had exercised his imperial prerogative

of the value and effects of eating or drinking mixtures composed of the microbes isolated from some Bulgarian beet and purest sour milk. These germs, now famous under the name of Bulgarian lactic acid bacilli, so called because as they grow and multiply in milk they form the sour acid by that name, were first obtained by Professor Metchnikoff. He has since distributed them everywhere, and descendants of the first family are still developing in happy colonies in one of the laboratories at the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.

THE REAL CULTURES

Soon after the celebrated savant stimulated further study of buttermilk and its congeners, this market drink began to be used as a cure for certain sorts of infant maladies, such as indigestion, diarrhea and other stomach troubles. But no tangible improvement followed its adoption as a medicine, so it was soon abandoned. In short, all "authorities" so called by the hot polio and subserpent non-thinkers, concluded that buttermilk as a "cure" was a fizzle; in fact, was not worth a fiddle's string. But not so fast, my hearties. There was at least one thinker who refused to be either obedient, supine or submissive to "authority." This was Dr. Ralph Oakley Clark, one of the young snoopers around the out-patient department of the Babies' Hospital of the City of New York.

Young Doctor Clark, who also has his medical hat and surgical gauntlet in the children's ring of the St. Mary's Free Hospital, as well as the Post-Graduate Medical School of Gotham, not only harked back to the potential hypothesis of sour milk as an infantile remedy, but started to observe and experiment to such good effect that he decided that the buttermilk theory was essentially correct, but that the poor obtainable results were caused by some trouble or defect in the milk. What to do? How was the difficulty to be overcome?

Doctor Clark, and others also, for that matter, came to the conclusion that there was something wrong with the lactic acid bacteria that were to be found in American buttermilk; so he sent to Baltimore for a culture of

live and taken to himself the twelve vases allowed under the Japanese rules of the royal code of life, the Japanese has never been a bit jealous and was perfectly satisfied to see the son of the third wife named as the crown prince, when there wasn't any crown prince of her own available. But the sublime, divine dignity of a Japanese empress makes it as little possible for her to be amused at the antics of common mortals as if she were Buddha; and nobody has ever seen Buddha smile, has he?

And, of course, her imperial majesty couldn't possibly touch an atom of food that wasn't composed of the nectar and ambrosia provided on the mysterious Olympus which backs right up against the royal kitchen. No, wherever she went, her divine food supply had to be carried along. One day the empress condescended to visit a school conducted by two Dutch ladies in Yesso, and she was attended by her ladies-in-waiting. The Dutch teachers conducted her best for hospitality by providing a bottle of champagne, but, as they were not permitted to be in the room where the empress ate her lunch, the champagne bottle proved a mystery to her guests, as alluring as it was unobtainable. It appeared that a goddess could deign to waive her taboo, no at length the Dutch ladies were called in to open the bottle, and Japan looked a little brighter to all concerned soon afterward. There was quite a shocking incident connected with that visit which could not be passed over lightly. When the empress consented to be photographed beside the Dutch ladies, one of them rang in her fiancé, and the print actually showed the presence of a man, and no a foreigner, in a group with her majesty. The Japanese newspapers didn't get over their horror for a long time, and when the copies of the picture were presented to the teachers, they found that the fiancé had been wiped out of photographic existence.

When the empress was fitted for European gowns, the dressmakers had to work with ladies whose figures corresponded to hers; no common hands might touch her sacred person. But when Li Hung Chang, the great Chinese diplomat, was shot by a Japanese fanatic, the empress herself made bandages for his wound, and all Japan knew as perfectly well that the promptness of his recovery was due solely to the miraculous virtues with which she invested them.

The new empress and goddess succeeds to most, if not all, of these powers and restrictions. And she succeeds, too, to the imperial station that she the wife and empress regard with equanimity the right of her spouse to take a dozen other women to his heart.

But the man who is now emperor of Japan, who is in theory, if not in practice, the source of all authority in the island empire, has hitherto been a model husband among the lines of the monogamous west. And, since he has lived enough to the throne, it may be that the good destiny which has thus far guided pretty Sadako up to goddess-ship may have her happiness in its kindly keeping during the years to come.

## Great Anthills in Washington

AS HAS often been stated, ants are among the greatest workers in the great numbers of insects in the world. Some of these industrious creatures are so mechanical it is almost impossible to believe they accomplish the great work they do in many countries. Out in the wonderful state of Washington, near the wonderful Pacific ocean, are found great colonies of large black ants that surely work hard to construct their immense anthills.

These anthills are built near a tree and are constructed of pine and fir tree needles, which are carried and heaped in one massive pile, but so perfectly arranged as to form a great pile, which is often four or five feet through and from three to six feet in height. Paths, which are continually traveled by these industrious workers, lead out from these wonderful anthills in every direction, and the ants that inhabit the great home are seen going in and out with provisions for their young and on various missions known only to themselves.

Children as well as older folk are greatly interested in these curious heaps of tree needles when they visit that part of our country.

It is difficult to understand how the ants can construct such large homes, and it is not known why they do not be content with more but smaller ones instead of the large ones.

## Food of the Polar Bear

ALL bears throughout the world, except the polar bear, are omnivorous, eating almost any form of food; but the polar bear does not relish anything but fish and seal meat, and if he has his choice, the seal is preferred at all times.

The polar bear might properly be called a marine creature, as it remains in the water a great deal and never leaves but a short distance inland on the icy coasts.

On land it is very clumsy and awkward, but it shows great agility when in the water. It can catch its prey with evident ease.

The specimens kept in captivity in the zoological gardens and parks in the larger cities in this and other countries have to be cared for in a manner that will protect them from the heat of our latitude, as they are not accustomed to such warm temperature.

With cool, dark quarters, and ice and cold water must be provided, and at far as possible their natural food supplied, or the creatures of the frigid north will sicken and die.

They delight in play, and will often scamper about and play with a ball of block of wood, throwing it and retrieving it, much as a child would do. One can hardly imagine a creature so awkward being able to be so lively in the water; but in the sea they are not only quick in their movements, especially when after their prey.

## The Aerometer

SINCE the invention of the various types of aeroplanes, the air men have been endeavoring to establish some perfectly accurate method of determining the speed of their craft through the atmosphere.

A number of devices have been made, and it remained for a Wisconsin man to invent a little device that is sure to exact exact results, and indicate it in miles per hour right before the man's eyes.

A four-armed device, with a small cup-shaped attachment at the end of each arm, and a small dynamo in the center, is placed in the wind, and the speed of the air is measured by the voltage it transforms and registers in miles so it can be read by the person driving the aeroplane.

the pure descendants of the Bulgarian bacilli. From this culture, which had been originally introduced by the Johns Hopkins Hospital from the Parisian Institute of Pasteur, tablets of dried but always living lactic acid microbes of the Bulgarian type were obtained. These germs, dried and mixed with milk sugar in a way that will keep them alive, were compounded into tablets. Thus armed, the doctor was ready to put his perfected plan into operation.

Thus prepared, the infant specialist went the rounds of his hospitals and selected twenty-five infants in the very worst stages of summer diarrhea and cholera infantum. Babies, ranging in ages from a few weeks to 2 years, in the dying throes of midsummer dysentery; worn, emaciated and starved from vomiting and watery bowels; children for whom there seemed little hope of recovery, were then given definite quantities of these microscopic parasites, these germs of Bulgarian buttermilk. (Hopeful as the young physician was, his most sanguine expectation was unprepared for the astounding, the startling result.)

The life of every infant was saved. Not a baby, whether only a few weeks old or 19 months, recovered ill or died. They all quickly and dramatically recovered, rapidly gained in weight and were not taken from their usual heavy diet. All of the toxic, putrefactive and dysenteric symptoms subsided as if by magic, says the New York medical man. The duration of the infectious dysenteries, "cholera infantum" and "gastric-enteritis," which prior to the administration of the sour-milk microbes had been from a couple of days to a couple of weeks, were decidedly improved after the fourth or fifth dose of the tablets containing the live germs.

Ere the fourth day arrived the infant was relieved, and by the end of the week the weight of each baby averaged an increase of 4½ ounces. There never was any relapse, and the cures were complete in every case.

The way in which the germs are administered is as follows: To wit, by dissolving the dried tablet of bacilli in a spoonful of water, obviating any interference with the child's bottle. After each bottle of milk, a tablet of microbes was given. The food was never decreased or interfered with. One infant, only 5 weeks of age, was given twenty tablets of germs, and was happier at once. She had been vomiting frequently. It ceased at once. There was a high fever, and the child was sick with it, while those with much loss of weight and from diarrhoea as five ounces in seven days. The germ cure holds out great relief for sick babies.

## ANOTHER SAFEGUARD for the BABY

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EVEN in the Methuselah days milk soured and was used as a beverage, while buttermilk is mentioned as a common bibulous liquid of the Goths and Vandals, and Julius, by the greatest of the Caesars, Julius, who venied, vided and conquered the much-beloved Fairbanks races in the Alps. From the days when Julius met the edelweissers until our angular ox-eye president took to the drink, sour milk was synonymous with all that was slavish, supine, invidious and below caste. Until the narrow-visaged Fairbanks imbibed liquorishly in the milky-bitters, he or she who dared touch so plebeian a drink was beyond the pale. But no more.

WHEN the fair-checked and unmentioned incumbent of the then vice presidential chair once again made that degenerate and unheard-of office appear in type, it was buttermilk that did the work. In a word, Mr. Fairbanks, far gone in sour milk, was worth a headline. This Mr. Fairbanks, since he then held down that job, brought back the primeval and ancient prestige of the so-called and yet so far off of vice president. Had the Honorable Mr. Fairbanks taken to water, to beer, to Wilson, to see gin or the athletic club, two new acknowledged and venerated intimates would have remained in the dark labyrinth of the underworld. The members of our milk, the distinction of the vice presidency, would still remain undisturbed.



Then came along the famous successor of the still more famous Pasteur, Prof. Elie Metchnikoff, of the great Institute for the Study of Experimental Medicine, in Paris, and announced that the bacilli that cause milk to sour—discovered by his great predecessor, Pasteur—when introduced in the human body will destroy many other dangerous germs, especially those that have a tendency to shorten life, to harden the blood vessels, to cause poisoning to accumulate in the blood and tissue juices. He admitted that he was directed toward his discovery by the observation that the descendants of those same Clis-



The New Empress of Japan, Who Will Be a Virtual Deity

To the People of Japan Their Rulers Are Divinities, Who Typify All the Virtues That Are Held Sacred

THIS hasn't happened in Europe for nearly 2000 years. It is happening today in Japan.

A man and a woman are being made, all alive and breathing, into a god and goddess. Millions of people believe it; and a good many other millions, including probably the man and the woman themselves, have pretty strong doubts on the subject.

But hereafter they will be deities, the august and holy incarnations of all the virtues conceivable in the minds of their devotees, with peculiar and wondrous powers for good vested in their deified hands, and with ability to eat persimmon pie or doughnuts still whole within them as it was while they remained simple, if highly honored, mortals.

The man is the new emperor of Japan; the woman is the blessed Sadako, his empress, formerly Japan's crown princess.

Her deified body must not be touched by any unsanctified human fingers, however eagerly she may want a new straight front; her goddessship will have a lady dummy to pose for her, whose figure is the same as hers, but not so sacred. Her deified appetite may yearn for persimmons, if not for the occasional doughnut, which may be as strange to her as it is to the czar of Russia and the king of Siam; but her persimmons must pass through her own deified kitchen and not be contaminated by any contact with plain and vulgar mortality.

She is the mother of three boys, and she is about as human a woman as Japan has thus far produced. But, will she, will she, the new empress of Japan is fated to be a goddess, and she is now making good as the very, actual, genuine, real, tangible goddess which every lover tells his sweetheart he believes her to be.

IF THIS new goddess had happened to be any other girl, picked out to be the bride of the only son of the old emperor of Japan was able to save from death out of all the progeny provided for him by his round dozen of wives, why, the other girl, and not she, would have been the new empress, the crown princess of Japan. Western theology, now on a fixed with democracy that it takes mighty little stock even in the divine anointing of Europe's kings, will be rather puzzled at a system of theory which takes no account whatever of individual merits in accessions to the Japanese Olympus. But, by a little drawing on predestination, it all becomes clear. The gods keep a special and watchful eye on the marriage of a crown prince or an emperor; and so no young woman, however sound of mind and body, can possibly be selected to be his consort unless the gods know beforehand that she is precisely the young person whom they have chosen to be their little sister. So that's settled.

It is an interesting and thought-provoking policy on the part of the western press that it should happen to say so much about the death of the emperor, and so much the next minute about the only son who became the successor, while it told so little about the new goddess Japan has acquired. She is quite worthy of all the publicity a circulating world can give her; not because she is now a really, truly little goddess, but because she is a very excellent young woman, who is on the eve of learning that being a deity isn't all it's cracked up to be. Like most other things in life and death, it has the drawbacks of its advantage. Even in the rather recent goddess era of old Rome, an empress was liable to find her sanctity something of an incubus when she got right down to being adored.

## THE DAINTY LITTLE GODDESS

The goddess Sadako began life some twenty-seven years ago as a very small and dainty colored princess in one of the most ancient and honorable families of Japan, the Fujiwara; and her ancestors lived the whole kind from the seventh to the eleventh century. They were a sort of oriental series of Warbucks, running the house and the emperors and making it a regular habit to marry their superfluous daughters to the rulers of the land. Predestination has been tamed by the Japanese to the extent of limiting their emperors to marriage within the five noble families descended from the ancient Fujiwara nursery stock; so the gods who run these affairs over there have their course of conduct laid out plainly before them. As for the Princess Sadako, third daughter of Prince Kojo, her mother was a sister of the former empress dowager, and so she was a cousin of the crown prince for whom the gods selected her. You see, there couldn't possibly be any mistake in the line along which Dame Destiny was compelled to operate. Destiny might as well have been a trolley car, so far as Princess Sadako's future goddessship was concerned.

But that is treating Destiny, as it works in Japan among the royal family, rather ungratefully. Especially